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the Oki islands. Now it was that he retired to Matsue and built (1603) the great castle there, which was called Un-in-jo (un = Izumi, in = Oki-islands, jo = castle), from which sprang his title Un-in-jo-shu (*shu* meaning governor, or lord).

The gun itself is interesting as an arm and differs in several regards from any Japanese gun I have examined. Its lock is unlike those of later design. Its barrel appears to be of foreign make, probably an early importation from Portugal: a reason for this appears in the little loops which it bears along its under side; for these were used for pinning the barrel to a European gun-stock—the Japanese stock holding the barrel in position by means of external loops of metal. Another feature which suggests a foreign origin for the barrel is the fact that part of the ornamentation, that showing a wave pattern, is applied, instead of having been chiseled directly on the barrel—the barrel was already too thin to warrant this treatment, even when made of the strong *namban tetsu* (foreign iron) which already was highly prized in Japan. I may add that the mountings of the gun are richly gilded *à mercure*.

In summing up the findings upon the foregoing objects, one is inclined, after the fashion of a war-worn collector, to ask the question, "Can these things be authentic?" Evidently historical attributions for art objects are always to be accepted with reserve. And especially is this true in Japan where there have been collectors for centuries and where hero worship has ever been intense. In the above instances, however, it seems clear that both the objects and the inscriptions are of the period. In the case of the hat and the fan their exquisite quality leads us to believe that their owner was a personage of high distinction. As for the gun, it is not only of the best workmanship, but it was considered of such value that it was exhibited on some occasion and for some purpose, for I discover as I write this that it bears a catalogue number and the official mark of a prefecture. These are stamped deeply in very small characters, rust filled, on the side of the barrel near the stock.

I should finally note that the inscriptions given herewith were carefully translated by my friend, Mr. Hashime Murayama, to whom, too, my thanks are due for his detailed references to Japanese documents.

Since the foregoing was in proof, Mr. Kojiro Tomita of the Department of Japanese Art in the Boston Museum has examined the objects critically and not only read the inscriptions given above but very kindly translated eight archaic ideographs which appear on the barrel of the gun. They signify: "Longevity (be) compared (with the) Southern Mountain: Wealth (be) likened (to the) Eastern Sea." This, it appears, is a classical Chinese formula of congratulations. It means, "May you live long and prosper!" The Southern Mountain, Mr. Tomita adds, is (Chung) Nan Shan, near Ch'angan, in Shensi, China. Mr. K. Makino notes interestingly that the Eastern Sea is especially fitting in this formula of well-wishing, since it was the home of the god of wealth.

B. D.

## THE PLEASURES OF THE MUSEUM

I WAS reading a novel the other day in which a group of people, as a pretext for frequent meetings, plan a round of visits to the museums and galleries of London. Two of these people, however, soon become really interested in art and archaeology, upon which one of the others reflects as follows:

"Of course it was odd of them at their ages to have developed such a sudden interest in what Tommy's simple mind regarded as lesson-book subjects, but he mentally excused the friend of his youth and the moonbeam lady of his dreams on the score of their nationality. He had heard that the Irish never quite outgrew their childhood."

Now, this state of mind which regards a museum merely as a place of study is a very common one, and is apt at times to become too exclusively that of the very museum officials themselves. They think so much of justifying their demands for public support on the ground of the educational value

of their collections that they are tempted to forget that a gallery of art is above all a collection of beautiful things made for the delectation of mankind. The public seems to forget it even more completely. Who ever hears of a pleasure trip to the museum? People go to the theatre because they like a play, or to a concert because they enjoy music. The museum seems to be a place to which to send school children, a place for the instruction of artisans, a place to be visited by out-of-town sightseers. People of wealth spend large sums for works of art because, presumably, they find pleasure in looking at beautiful things. Here are works of art of the highest merit which are to all intents our property, which we may enjoy without expense and with very little trouble. How often do we look at them?

For myself, I find the Museum one of my greatest sources of enjoyment. One does not have to take thought in advance, to buy tickets, to set aside an afternoon or an evening. Whenever one has an hour or two to spare, one may stroll through its galleries and find refreshment for the spirit in almost any one of them. It is like having the finest of orchestras on call whenever one feels the desire for music.

To enjoy the Museum in this way one should not take it too seriously. One need not look at everything, nor worry oneself about schools or affiliations. Let the mere "specimens" slip by unnoticed; you need stop only when something calls to you and

you will not go far before this happens. I generally go straight to the first gallery at the head of the grand staircase. Here is Veronese's *Mars and Venus Bound by Cupid*, a masterpiece of the most human and delightful of masters; here is Van Dyck's *Duke of Lenox with his wonderful dog*; here is that pearl of perfect craftsmanship, Vermeer's *Woman at a Case-ment*, and nearby is the scarcely less perfect *Visit to the Nursery* by Metsu. There are other good things, but these four are enough to fill an hour or two with intensest pleasure. Another day it is Rembrandt's *Man with a Black Hat* before which I stand for a long time, or Hals's *Vrou Bodolphe* or the *Memlings* in the Altman Collection or Millet's noble *Woman with Buckets*—these are all inexhaustibly and eternally enjoyable and so are many other things; not paintings only, but precious fragments of Greek marble, bronzes by Dalou, vases or lacquers, enamels or prints, objects of many sorts that men have made beautiful for us.

It is one of the greatest attractions of life in the city that the pleasures of the Museum are always at hand—pleasures surely as great as those of the theatre and the concert hall, and to be had for nothing. Why is it that so few of the people one knows ever avail themselves of these freely offered pleasures? Would it not be better for us if, like Tommy's friends, we had not quite outgrown our childhood?

KENYON COX.